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Fisher College presents

The Charles Viewer



2017

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A Note from the Editors

Dear Fisher College Community,

We're back with another edition of the Charles Viewer featuring poetry, prose, art, and photography from seven passionate and talented students. This year's Charles Viewer includes submissions that range from the large-scale—Joseph Powell's breathtaking photos of Boston—to the human-scale—Plenary Shah's sketches of people. Christina Giambanco explores the metaphorical and metaphysical dimensions of cleanliness in her piece, "Clean." Andrew Folkes and Ashley Van Eyk bring words to life through rhythms and rhymes, that entertain, captivate, and stimulate. Israel Rodriguez's art reflects the world as he sees it. Krista L. Cormier concludes this edition with a touching tribute to her dog, Prince. Her story helps us think about the impact our animal companions can have.

As we thought about these works, we searched for a common thread that bound them together. However, in reality the images and writing in these pages reflect the diverse interests, talents, and experiences of Fisher College students. They are united through the Fisher College logo and motto—Ubique Fidelis, everywhere faithful; the time spent at Fisher in fellowship; and

the act of putting their artwork out into the world for others to see. These works reflect the different outlook of each contributor, whether whimsical, serious, poignant, or mysterious.

We express our gratitude to Dr. Thomas McGovern, President of Fisher College; Dr. Janet Kuser, Vice President of Academic Affairs, Dr. Dean Walton, Division Chair of Liberal Arts & Sciences; Caroline Wright, Director of Student Engagement and Retention, Amanda Matarese, Director of Student Activities; Kathryn Harrington, Student Activities Coordinator; and others too numerous to list. Without their support, this publication would not have been possible.

Sincerely,

The Charles Viewer Editorial Staff

Andrew Folkes

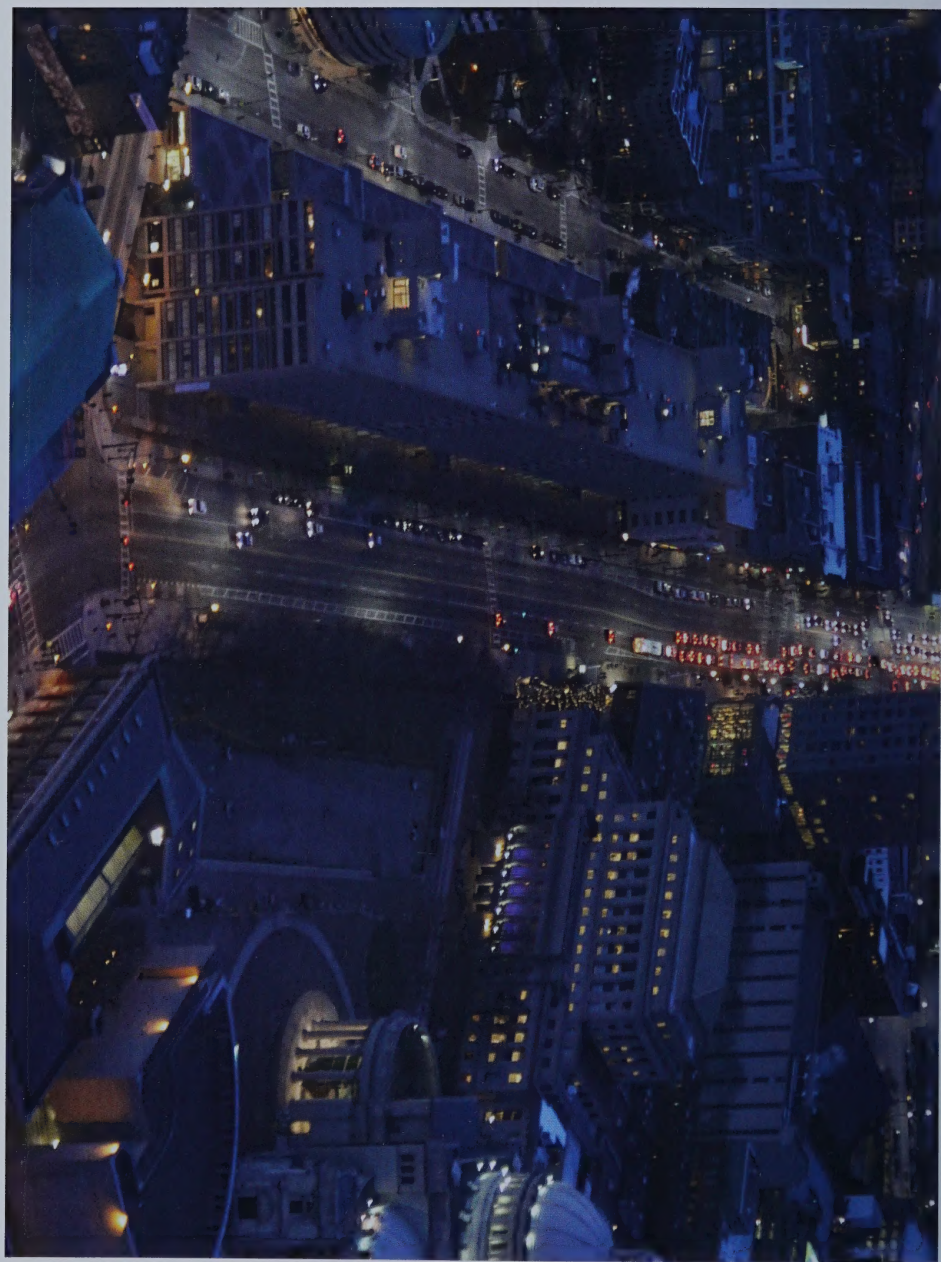
Israel Rodriguez

Dr. Stephen Lento, Faculty Advisor

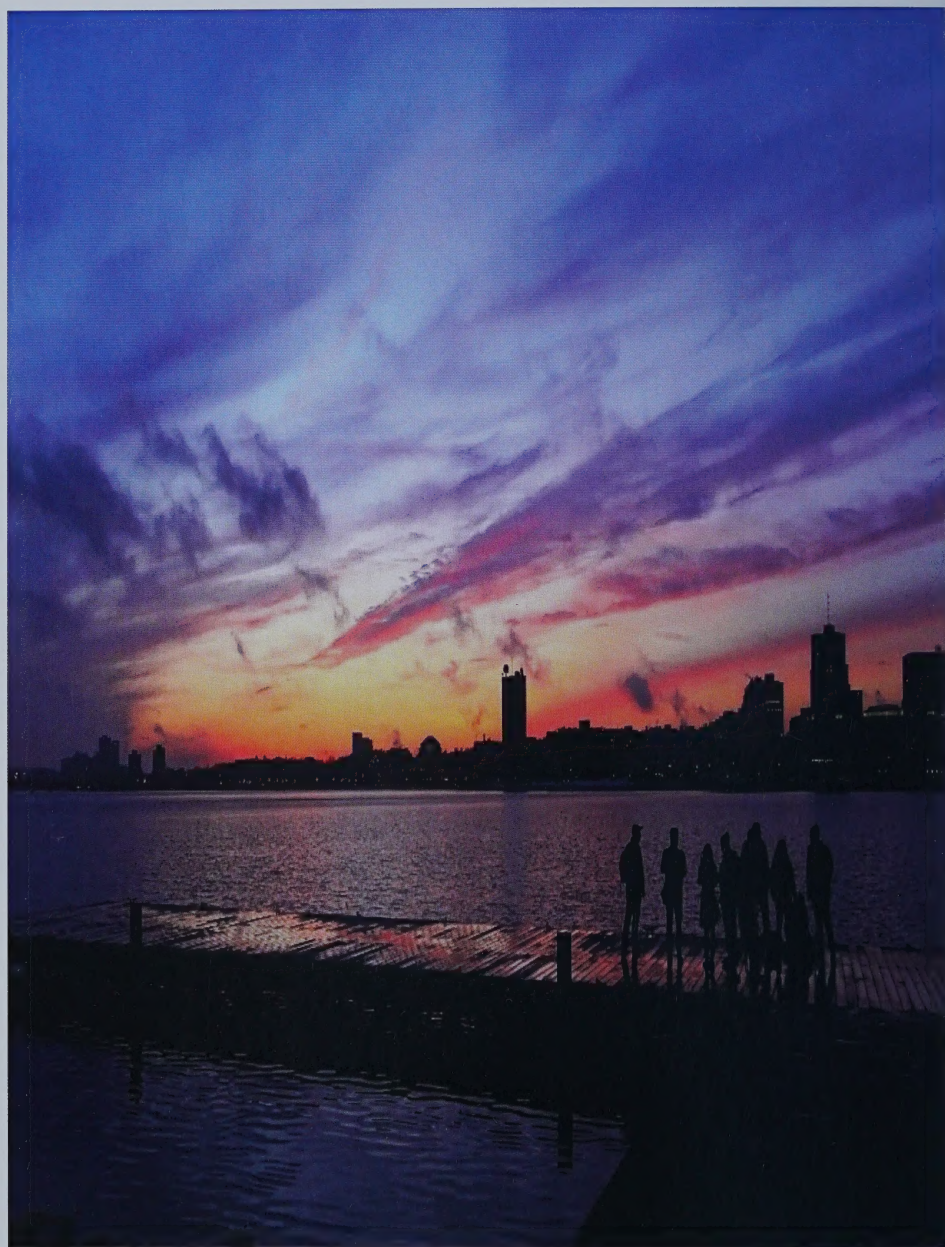


Joseph Powell
Boston Photographs







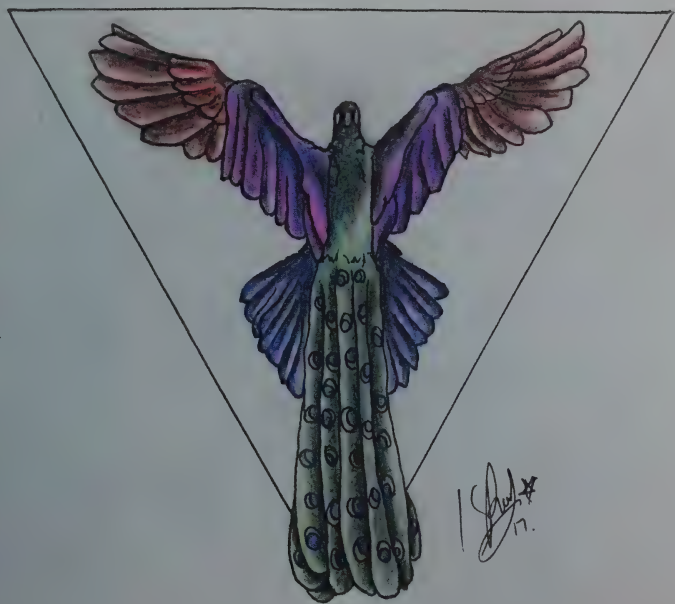




Israel Rodriguez
Animal Drawings







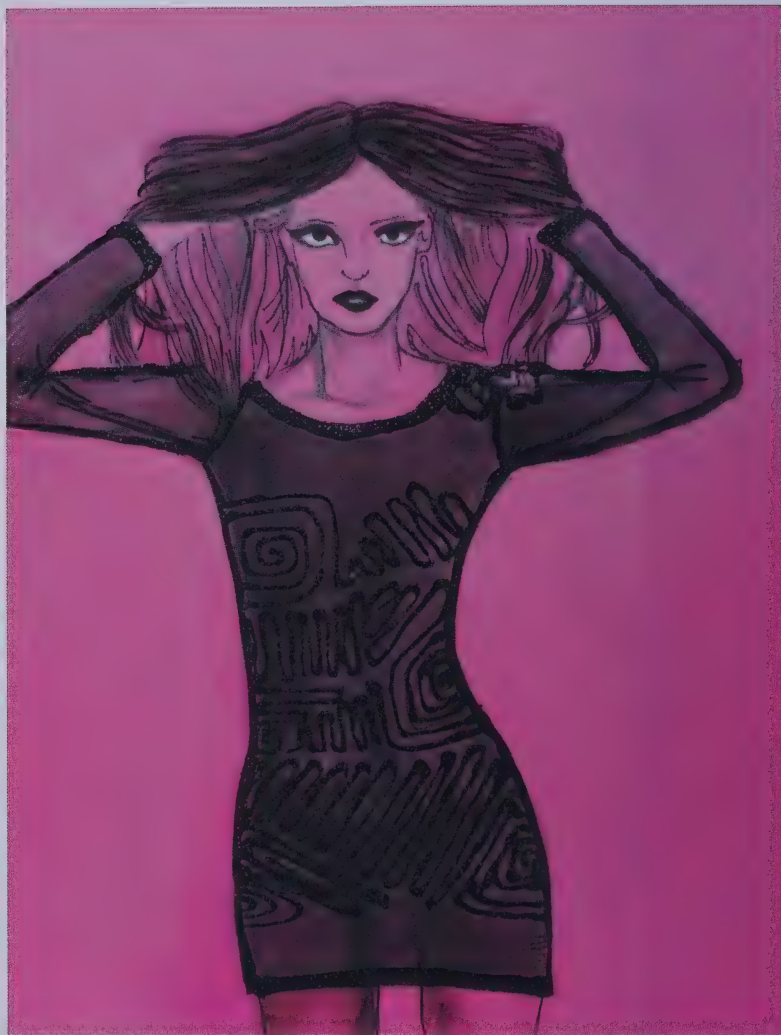




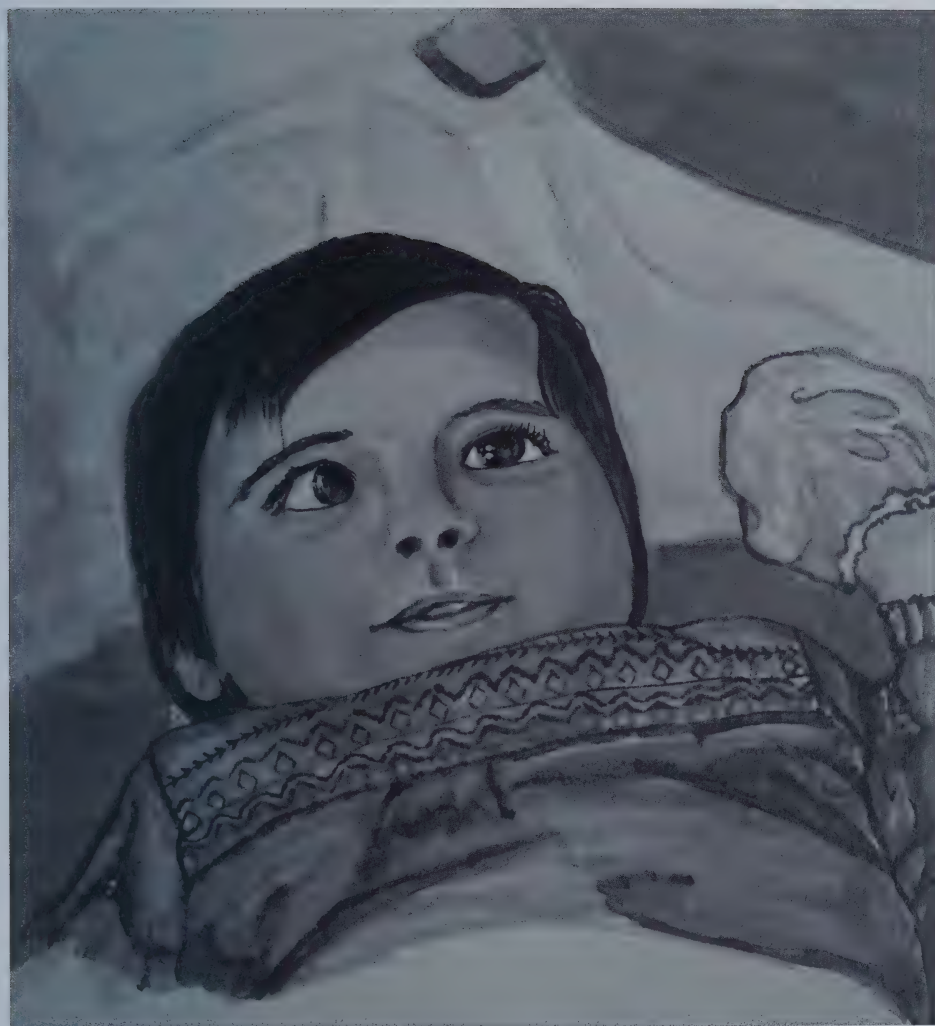
Plenary Shah Sketches



Plenary Shah



Plenary Shah



Plenary Shah



Plenary Shah

Literature

“CLEAN”- Christina Giambanco

The candles sat on the windowsill above the sink flickering in the dim light. The kitchen was a calm shade of green and the window frames were white. There was a tall woman, wearing a plain gray dress that fell just at her knees standing at the windowsill staring at the flickering of the candle light. Her hair was brown with blonde streaks thrown up into a bun; it may have been prettier if it was down floating on her shoulders. Her eyes were illuminated by the candlelight and they were a dark shade of brown, filled with hidden pain that was soon to be exposed as her eyes welled with water.

She turned on the sink and began to wash the dishes, she looks very calm on the outside but you can tell she's been crying from the mascara streak that had run from the bottom of her eye down her chin. It wouldn't be long till the tears struck again.

She dreaded doing dishes because his picture rests on the windowsill, she can't bring her self to take it down. She scrubs and scrubs the porcelain plate with the blue trim but the damage has been done, it is going to take a lot more than just scrubbing to remove the stains from the porcelain plate with the blue trim. Feeling defeated she drops the plate into the sink and the corner of the plate cracks, it floats to the bottom she stands there and hangs her

head in pure exhaustion.

She lifts her head and grabs her yellow rubber gloves that hang on a hook under the windowsill. She slowly places them over her hands, picks up the sponge and starts to

move it in circles over the chipped plate, to her surprise the stain is being cleared, and in just a few moments it was gone, the plate was sparkling.

For the first time in a long time, she felt clean.

Poet's Statement

My name is Ashley Van Eyk and I wrote merci beaucoup mon amor for my significant other. The poem is about my love for him and it's supposed to emulate the good and bad we face and the power of persistence.

“Merci Beaucoup”- Ashley Van Eyk

You are the pure hum of a
Birds's heart pouring into silence
The still beating that kins light and dark.
It soothes my soul when you speak,
Kissing my ears with tender love
Expelling traces of disdain and substituting kindness
You are the air that feels so sweet
When drawn in deeply
My porcelain rose
My titanium roots
Merci beaucoup mon amour.

Andrew Folkes
Poems

“Immortal Words”- Andrew Folkes

Are we what you say we are?

Did you mean what you say in the sand-box in kindergarten,
where we used to play?

You saved me from the pain,
The shame
And inhumane
Atrocities during those days

For me it was like a prayer answered
A wish granted
Finding Jesus or meeting Usain
I vowed that nothing will ever come between us
That we shall never break

But now that we are on different
Journey aspiring different goals
I wonder if everything will ever be the same
That those three immortal words
You've once said will ever end
Or fade...

We are friends

“Strive”- Andrew Folkes

We have to strive
Strive to be the best
Strive to be better than the rest
So that everyone can attest
Even though some may find it hard to digest

Whether you are black or white, young or old
Short or tall rich or poor, pink or blue
Have respect
Shine not sometime but all the time
Life is not a pantomime
Strive and be an audacious paradigm

We don't always get what we expect
But neither were we made to be perfect
So check, reflect and inspect
Your progress and don't be misdirect.
Strive and stay away crime
Strive and stay alive
I urge you
To put your creative minds in overdrive
And
Strive to survive .

“Purpose”- Andrew Folkes

If day be night
And night be day
And the world and everything
within it begins to change
where the sun falls and water shines
birds walk and cat fly.

You are the only one I would
Want by my side and on my mind
To keep me sane
And my life align

You are the light to my darkness
Bees to my hive
Roses to my garden
The retinas in my eyes
You are the rhyme to my every heartbeat
Without you I'm incomplete.

“Black and Proud”- Andrew Folkes

Black man

Black woman

Don't cry, don't be ashamed

Don't close your eyes

And visualize your life in another life

Because of the color of your skin

Your stature, big lips or flattish nose

Or your afro-texture, tightly coiled kinky hair.

Be proud of who you are

Let others be sublime

By your unique design

Don't be broken, beaten, or victimized

By their slanders, smears and taintish lies.

Don't be enslaved, bound, or tyrannized

For being different from another gyal or guy

You are a child of God

And therefore genetically beautiful

All throughout your X's and Y's.

Smile!

Thrive!

Shine your light in the darkest night

And show them that you are not a diamond in the rough

But a diamond in the sky.

Don't lower your eyes

Don't dream of altering your aesthetic beauty

Your chic; your style

And become a freak of nature

To satisfy anyone's stereotypes

Love yourself

Respect yourself

Let your action speak your mind.

Rhapsodize, Overemphasize and Internationalize

Your ethnicity

That you are Black

And it's not a crime

People hate rather than congratulate

Because they aren't able to stand

Your simplicity and originality

So they hate in order to feel
Psychologically stable.
You are strong
You are free
They know of your greatness
They see your potentiality
And for that they seek to tear you down mentally
Don't succumb to slanderous remarks and disparages
Free yourself from mental incarcerations
And create a revolution
Not for you
Not for me
But for all of creation.

Black and Proud!!!
Say it loud
Black and Proud!!!
Say it now
Black and Proud!!!
Take a bow.

“Mysterious Liquid”- Andrew Folkes

Water

Isn't it magical?

Isn't it cruel?

It sustain life

And holds the power

To kill you too

Just like fire that give us light

But burns if not handled right

Then there's money which is no surprise

Can make one happy

And also be their demise

Water

Like a mirror

Shows our reflection

And like a stream

70% of it trickle around our body

By means our arteries

By means of our veins

Water

It's hard to contain

I mean it has three physical states

Its been around for centuries

Which means it's immortal

It never age

Water

You are pure and sparkling clear

You can be soft or hard

Depending on your state

Conducive in your usage

To produce electricity

Prismatic in your water bending abilities

And influential on human emotions

Depending on our circumstances

Depending on our moods

Water

You are also responsive

Whenever you're touched

You move

You are dangerously misleading
Rampant and barbaric
Wild and chaotically untamed

Water
A vital substance
We will never understand
But will continue
To be one of our many gateways
Between life and death

Water
You are a mysterious liquid
One that can never ever truly be explained

The Prince of Rockland
By Krista L. Cormier-DAPS Student
“I Can and I Will-‘Cause Prince Said So”

I grew up in the suburb of Rockland, MA, about 20 miles south of Boston. My first book is about the dog I grew up with and how he got most of our town to know and love him. I have a College Certificate in Medical Assisting from Massasoit Community College and I am currently enrolled in the Associate's Degree in Psychology program at Fisher College. In my spare time, I enjoy volunteering at the Plymouth Bay Clubhouse, in Plymouth, MA, a place where adults with mental illness can go to a stigma-free environment and gain life skills. Also, I take care of dear friend of mine who has Cerebral Palsy. I'm a devoted aunt to two nieces and one nephew, and a "cat mom" to my tuxedo cat Frankie. We currently reside in Middleboro, MA with my father.

Introduction

Prince, part black Labrador retriever and Part Husky, was adopted into my family in the fall of 1980, shortly after I was born. Over the next thirteen years, Prince's adventures and silly antics would give my family and even the neighborhood in my hometown of Rockland, Massachusetts, a suburb south of Boston, with many stories to tell, even years after he crossed "The Rainbow Bridge".

My father, John was a fur merchant at the time of my birth. I am his youngest and fourth child, as he already has three children from his prior marriage, and my mother's first and only child. We were residing ten minutes away in North Abington, Massachusetts at the time when my grandfather, Jake passed away. I was just two weeks old, and we ended up moving into my grandparent's house in Rockland, where the family fur business was in front of the house. It would be easier for my father to take over the business, and raise the family at the same time, under one roof. My siblings from his first marriage were residing with our father's

ex-wife in Whitman, Massachusetts, which was not too far, and they visited regularly. I have always considered them as my siblings, not half or step. My mother Debi was a stay-at-home mom and did hairdressing on the side, in our home. She would treat her step kids as if they were her own.

Most family dogs are usually “tethered” to their homes. Some are OK with being tied to a “dog run”. Others are mindful to stay in their own yards. Prince, on the other hand (or paw!), had his own agenda, and a way of wandering around Rockland, and always came home to us nightly.

Prince was known to many in our town from the dog catcher who grew to love him to the school kids, and even a Boston Police Lieutenant who lived in our neighborhood. He made daily trips to the shoe factory’s lunch wagon down the street, uptown Rockland to meet the crossing guard, and various other locations.

When I started walking to school in the third grade,

Prince fulfilled his duty to protect me by walking me half way, where he would then meet up with uptown Rockland's street cleaner, Willie Herrmann. He would follow him uptown and keep him company most of the day.

By the fifth grade, which was then moved up to the Junior High, Prince would then walk me up to the top of Webster Street, which was the street we grew up on. There I would meet my friends, The Power Children, who would wait for us outside the funeral home, while Prince would meet Willie.

This book includes the many tales and shenanigans of my beloved pooch. He was like a "fur brother" to me, and very much part of my family, and even my neighbor's families. Who would think one dog would touch so many lives?

Chapter One-First Paw Prints

A local fur trapper, who was also a friend of my oldest brother, Peter would regularly do business with my father. He came by the family business one day in the fall of 1980 with a black and white puppy. This puppy was a mix of part black Labrador and part Husky, a breed right up my father's alley! He said to the trapper as he picked up the puppy, "This is my kind of dog!" This adorable dog was born around the same time as I was, in October of 1980. For the next thirteen years, the adopted dog and I shared the same birthday, October 21.

This dog acted and looked like royalty. He was one of the children, but with a fur coat, therefore he became the Prince of the household. Prince was indeed the perfect name for such a royal, kind, beloved pooch.

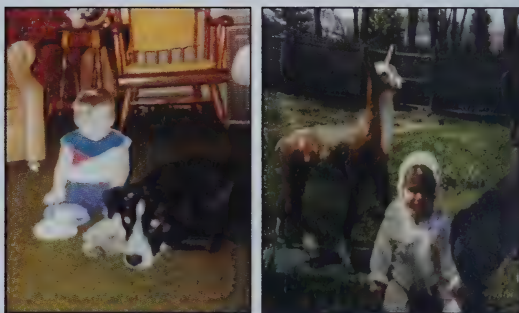
Flash forward a couple months, Christmas of 1980. It was my first Christmas and my siblings were over for the holiday as well as my three cousins from the Central Massachusetts town of Westminster. Prince the puppy playfully

romped through the spacious colonial house. Being only two months old, he was not quite fully housebroken, so he would make little puddles on the kitchen floor. My oldest cousin Tracy suggested we name our puppy “Puddles” because of his little “accidents” he made on our kitchen floor! Being my first Christmas and Prince in a way my first, early Christmas present, my father decided to put Prince in my stocking! He fit perfectly!

Over the next year and a half, Prince and I bonded. He became my buddy and “fur brother” and best friend. He never left my side. Being part Husky, he became protective of me and the other kids. On the other hand, his Labrador side made him family and kid friendly.

Like most young dogs, Prince needed his check-up and series of vaccinations at our veterinarian. My mother stayed at home with me, while my father volunteered to take Prince to see the vet. All went well, a clean bill of health, and all shots given. Off went Prince and my father in his truck. On the ride home, something did not agree with our

dog. Either the shots or something he ate made him vomit all over the truck and my father's lap! When he got home, he stepped out, wiped the dog barf off of his pants. My mother and I watched this from inside the house, and we were laughing at this gross situation! Meanwhile, my father had a grand ol' time cleaning up Prince's puppy barf!



Prince and I hanging out in 1981

Chapter Two: Camping with a Curious Dog!

In the early thru the mid 1980's our family took numerous camping trips in Massachusetts and even all the way up to Poland Spring, Maine. We had a brown 1977 Ford Econoline van and we had our little white Atco travel trailer in tow. The van had two seats up front, and my father set up the back like a living room with a brown "pleather" recliner and a small two-seater sofa bed. We would pile into the van with Prince and travel from Rockland to Poland Spring in the summer.

An older "back woods-country bumpkin" couple who were known as Uncle Bob and Grandma Hayes owned the property in Poland Spring where we and small number of other families camped on every summer. There was a huge lake to swim and fish in, with a giant pine tree who's giant trunk grew out and over the lake and the tree grew upwards. Across the lake in a nice wooden house lived the Simpson family. Prince and all of us were always welcome over there.

Prince observed the kids activities throughout the campground. My siblings and cousins are close in age to the other kids we camped with. They enjoyed swimming and fishing in the lake. Prince, who developed a personality very much like Snoopy from "The Peanuts". He had a "if the kids can do it, then I can do it" attitude. First, he would splash around in the shallow end of the lake, where the sunfish pools were, attempting to catch fish for himself! He got this idea from watching my brothers, Peter and Jeff and my cousins Mike and Dave, along with their new friends go fishing. The kids then figured they can go walk out on that giant tree trunk over the lake and either sit there or jump off into the water. Well, Prince thought he could walk out onto that tree trunk, but then soon realized he could not turn around like the kids. He barked and howled. Uncle Bob and my father heard him and noticed he was stuck and obviously scared. They hopped into a row boat and paddled out to rescue Prince, only for him to jump into the water and discover his Labrador paws were made for

swimming! Before he wanted no part of going into the deep end for a swim. After that adventurous day, he loved swimming with the kids!

I was too young to swim in the deep end, but Prince and the kids kept a darn good eye on me. We did play numerous games of hide and go seek with Prince's protection though.

When we got home from Maine one summer, Prince continued his adventures. Our neighbors who lived behind us, the Beniers, had an above-ground pool. I wanted to go in it in the worst way, and Prince wanted to play with the kids as he heard them playing. We had a cutout at the bottom of our fence, and I could squeeze on through and back. Well Prince saw me do this several times and got the idea to squeeze through the cutout. One problem, he was a large dog and he now resembled Winnie the Pooh stuck in Rabbit's Hole! All of us had to get my parents to help him squeeze through, which he did. That was his first and last attempt at squeezing under the fence, until Hurricane Gloria hit in the fall of 1985, knocking down a section of the fence

and then he could walk into the Beniers' yard whenever he wanted, until he was met by their mighty German shepherd!



This is the tree Prince got stuck on!

Chapter Three: Your Dog Doesn't Sing

In 1984, the now late, great talented artist, Prince came out with the movie "Purple Rain", along with the soundtrack. I was going on four years old, sitting at the head of the kitchen table watching the WBZ news, while my mother cooked supper and my father was wrapping up his day down in the fur store. The news reporter mentioned the "Purple Rain" movie and Prince. I was all excited, "Mommy, Mommy! Prince is on TV!" My mother had to explain to me the reporter was talking about *another* Prince. "The dog doesn't sing?" I thought. We then all sat down for supper, which was delicious as usual, and of course my father and I would drop table scraps for Prince, the dog, not the artist!

My mother was active in the Channing Church choir, and bell ringers. She even took piano lessons from the church's choir director, Lillian Hall. We had a small piano in our dining room, so my mother could practice her lessons. My dog doesn't sing? Well he proved us all wrong!

He would plop himself next to the piano and howl along while my mother played various tunes. Christmas time was a real treat, as she played the holiday tunes and he sang along!



Prince singing along to the Christmas tunes while my Mother played the piano-1984

On Christmas Eve 1984, my mother was at the church with the choir and bell ringers. My father stayed home with me. I must have eaten something that did not agree with me or I was getting that 24-hour bug. He got his friend, Steve to dress like Santa and come by our house to surprise me. Literally minutes before Ol' Saint Steve came through our door, I barfed into a bucket! My father scrambled to get rid of the barf, clean me up, and get Steve to

come on through the door. I sat on Santa Steve's lap, pale and queasy, Prince posed in the front of us and my father snapped the Polaroid. Steve did not stay for long, and then my mother came home. My father let her know what happened, which we still look back on and laugh about to this day!

Rockland's Fire Department has a "fog-horn" sounding alarm when the Fire Department is alerted to any sort of activity. When the "horn" was sounded, Prince would sit at the end of the driveway and howl like crazy until the fire engines roared by. Sometimes the other neighborhood dogs would join in on this canine chorus!



Prince, Santa Steve and I, after I got sick-1984

Unleashed

Human souls just like a simple wind
Has the power to change from within
Into a tornado or a mighty desert wind.

Andrew Folkes

